Mercy be silent!—spurn, great God, these tears,
Sinking, o'erwhelmed, thy wisdom I adore!—
But where, oh, God! where shall thy thunder fall?
The Blood of Jesus has't not covered all? J.W.E.

## TO THE INCONSTANT.

YES, false one, triumph in my woes,
And joy these flowing tears to view,
How just to wound that heart's repose,
That gladly would have bled for you!

Yet poor the pleasure thou hast gain'd,
And very soon it will be o'er,
That bosom, where thou long hast reign'd,
Shall fondly throb for thee no more.

Nor vainly think my tears, my sighs,
Love's still unvanquished power proclaim,
Each drop that trickles from my eyes,
But helps to quench his dying flame.

## JU D'ESPRIT.

LE Tems s'enfuit, l'arrachons,
Et que se passeroit il si vite,
Nous entrainant dans sa fuite;
Les ailes repandues
Abrigent l'etendue
Le nos vœux les rognons.

Encore s'enfuit, le laissons
Nous helas! ne sommes que mortels
Vienne l'amour, et sur ses autels
Tous les moments,
Dans un torrent,
De la joi nous vivrons. L.

## EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

FRIEND, companion more than sister,
Heart to Pity's feeling's true,
While my tears the paper blister,
Let me breathe my woes to you.

Let me to thy friendly bosom,
Speak the sorrows of my heart,
There with trust let me repose them,
Doomed from all I love to part.

Well thou know'st the fond affection,
Which I've cherished and concealed,
That tenderest, kindest, dear connection,
Only to yourself revealed.

Long Lothario had possession
Of my heart and fondest love,
You alone heard the confession,
Heard tho' you did not approve.

Oft you warned me what a distance,
Fortune had between us thrown,
Urged how weak would be resistance
When my heart was all his own.

That his father proud and haughty,
Ne'er upon our loves would smile,
Jealous of his house's honour,
Would my humble state revile.

Still would Hope, the fond deceiver,
Whisper to my anxious mind,
That Lothario I should ever,
Full of truth and honour find.

Oft he swore how dear he loved me,
Pleas'd I list'ned to his vows,
Tho' cautious I ne'er gave him other
Proofs than modesty allows.

At this period to the city,
By his father he was sent,
Had you seen his grief at parting,
How unwillingly he went.

You would never have conjectured
That so soon his heart could change,
That he so soon his love forgetting,
Through the paths of vice would range.

Soon engaged in dissipation,
All his love for me expires,
Gaming, drinking, racing, spending,
New supplies of wealth requires.

An old maid with many thousands
Cast on him an amorous eye,
Love ne'er smiled upon their union,
Ne'er will bless the venal tie.

Your poor friend alone forsaken,
Torn with love and wounded pride,
Tho' with grief my heart is breaking,
From the world my woes I'll hide.

For the sake of false Lothario
Single will I pass my life,
Never shall another lover,
Greet me with the name of wife.

Come my friend and soothe my sorrows,
Come and hush my grief to rest,
Let me in the joys of friendship,
Spite of love be truly blest.
SAPPHO.

## THE FATE OF THE NOSE.

YE maids of the emerald isle,
Ye daughters of Erin draw near,
In the rainbow of grief mix the smile,
With the soul thrilling, generous tear.
To you my sad fate I'll unfold,
To you every sorrow disclose,
That heart must be cruel and cold,
Will not melt at the tale of my nose.

An old maiden aunt was my bane,
After dinner each day (what a bore)
She forced me, ah much 'gainst the grain!
To work at an odious tambour.
On the nostril a redness began,
(Ah! unlike to the bloom of the rose)
From the tip to the bridge up it ran,
And empurpled my aquiline nose.